



AUDITIONS

1 Laura

3 ‘What am I doing here?’ Laura asked herself, looking over the shoulder of the boy in front of her. There was a long line of teenagers standing outside the theatre and Laura was at the end of the queue. ‘There are at least eighty people here,’ she thought. It was Saturday morning and Laura was feeling nervous as she waited to go inside the theatre. She was also feeling guilty because she had lied to Mum and Dad at breakfast.

‘Where are you going?’ Dad asked.

‘To Lucy’s house,’ Laura said. ‘We have to revise for an exam and then we have swimming practice.’

‘Will you be late?’ Mum asked.

‘I don’t know. I’ll phone. OK?’

Lucy knew about the plan in case Laura’s mum or dad phoned her. Lucy was Laura’s best friend and she always helped Laura out.

When Laura left home in the morning, carrying her sports bag, she started walking in the direction of Lucy’s house but when she reached the main road, she turned left instead of right and walked quickly to the train station. There was a train at 10:03 and the journey to London only took 30 minutes. She could easily reach the theatre before 11:00.

Glossary

- **helped out:** helped
- **lied:** said something that wasn’t true
- **queue:** line of people waiting
- **reached:** arrived at
- **shoulder:** the part of your body between your neck and your arms
- **theatre:** building used for performing plays

On the train, she took her sports bag to the toilet and changed clothes – a red top to attract attention, her best jeans, and the new shoes she bought with Lucy last weekend. She put on some make-up• and then looked at herself in the mirror. ‘You can do it!’ she told herself.

Laura felt so confident on the train but now she was standing outside the theatre and she felt nervous and guilty. ‘What am I doing here?’ she asked again. But this time she realised she said it aloud because the boy in front turned round and looked at her.

‘Are you talking to me?’ said the boy in glasses.

Now Laura was feeling nervous, guilty *and* stupid. She wanted to run back to King’s Cross station and take the first train home. But then she saw the notebook in the boy’s hand. He was drawing a picture of the queue of teenagers standing outside the theatre. Laura smiled.

‘That’s a really good drawing•,’ she said.

‘Thanks,’ he said.

‘I’m Laura,’ she said.

‘I’m Marc,’ the boy said. ‘Marc with a *c*. Like Marc Chagall.’ When Laura didn’t react, Marc added, ‘The painter?’

‘I know who Marc Chagall is,’ Laura lied.

 Marc smiled and Laura felt positive again. ‘He believed me,’ she thought. ‘Maybe I really am a good actor.’

Glossary

- **drawing:** picture made with a pencil
- **make-up:** products you put on your lips, eyes and face to change your appearance

